



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

280 d. 568



280 4.56

Bl. from R. S. Granville

? by the ...
or ...

ADAM AND EVE.

ADAM AND EVE;

A MARGATE STORY.

"Quis est nam ludus in undis?"—VIRGIL.

*"O nimium celo et pelago confuse sereno,
Natus in ignoti, Palinure, jacebis arenâ!"—VIRGIL.*

LONDON: 1824.

PRINTED FOR JOHN AND HENRY L. HUNT,
TAVISTOCK-STREET, COVENT-GARDEN.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY WILLIAM CLOWES,
Northumberland-court.



ADAM AND EVE,

A MARGATE STORY

I.

I HAVE a mind to rhyme—and rhyme's a thing,

In these poetic days, not all uncommon,
When every baby-bard has learned to sing

As children learn to walk :—I'm sure there's no man
Of pen and ink, but in the leading-string

Of rhyme hath slung his wits.—I'm not a “Roman,”
Neither is Bowles, whose sonnets sell so high ;—
When Bowles has tried to sing, why should not I ?—

B

II.

I have a mind to rhyme;—but how to get
My muse into the humour, I don't know :
The little jade's been ill of late, and yet
Is hardly quite the thing,—she's rather low ;
So that, just now, she's something of a pet :
You must not wonder, then, if she should show
That waywardness, in children sometimes seen,
Just on recovering, when they've sickly been.

III.

In truth, she is a delicate little creature,
Of exquisite proportions—mind and face ;
Slender and sylph-like, both in limb and feature ;—
And then she prattles with so sweet a pace,
I cannot find it in my heart to beat her,
Although 'tis hard to keep her in her place.
Reader, I know not if she'll coax you thus,
But only beg you will not make a fuss.

A MARGATE STORY.

IV.

I have a pretty tale for your diversion :—

The parties lived not long since, and the fair-one
May live e'en now, although the world would her shun,

If I should mention whom my verse would stare on.

I learned it on a watering excursion,

While jokes and laughter still were busy thereon :
'Tis true as truth was ever,—and, I'll swear it, ye,
When read, will e'en acknowledge it a rarity.—

V.

Did'st ever go to Margate?—There are many

Conveyances from every part of town,

By coach, or hoy, or, better still than any,

The merry steam-boat blithely wafts you down.

In summer weather, when the sky 's not rainy,

'Tis the best mode of travelling, I must own:

There's laughing, roaring, dancing, fun and music,—

And then, besides, there are but very few sick.

VI.

Their cabins too are fittingly arrayed
In taste and elegance :—of rare device
Carpets from distant Turkey are displayed,
And mirrors courting love ;—books, chessboards, dice,
For various tastes ; and sofas too are laid,
Where you may sit, and into ladies' eyes
Look things of love, that make the heart feel oddest ;—
But then there are no beds, (')—and that is modest.

VII.

'Tis something too to bound along the main,
And feel that ye command the elements ;
To hear the winds call after you in vain,
And laugh upon the wild wave's weak intents !—
O God ! 'tis grand to see the billows strain
Against the vessel's course !—no canvas-rents
Weaken her powers ;—no tack, no change is there ;—
Despised the roar of winds, or foul or fair ;—

VIII.

But on she journeys in her billowy course,
Pawing the wave beneath her, in her might,
And dashing onward, as the roused war-horse
Springs in his wrath and foams along the fight.
How gallantly she spurns the breakers' force,
And tramples down the surges in her flight!
Till o'er the sunset wave are seen to smile
The lovely shores of Thanet's lovely isle.—

IX.

Then glides the spirit of the mazy dance
Forth on the deck, and thousand busy feet
Are glancing there; while o'er the far expanse
Of evening waters, rolled in cadence sweet,
Swells the soft voice of music:—then advance
Along the Pier the thronging friends, to greet
Each venturous hero, who could such a Tar get
As to come “all this way by sea” to Margate!—

X.

In truth, it is a strange long voyage to make,
Especially for cockneys, who have never
Known more of sea, or sailing, than to take
Water at London Bridge, and cross the river.
But then it is a voyage at once to slake
The thirst of travelling, and stand for ever]
The land-mark of long years, to which the eye
May turn, in travelled self-sufficiency !—(9)

XI.

“ I’ve been to Margate !” cried a lady “ Cit,”
On whom I chanced to light the other day ;
And wonderful the things on which she’d hit,
By sea and land, in journeying on her way !
You would have thought, to say the least of it,
She must have been as far as Botany Bay.
But then she was a lady,—and, you know,
If ladies *do* sometimes *enlarge*,—why, so

XII.

It has been before now, and will again,—

At least, I hope so,—and we won't inquire
Too nicely of the cause, lest they complain
Of rudeness, which would ill become my lyre:
I mean to sing in very courteous strain,
And would not give offence for hate, or hire.
I am a harmless bard, who merely stray
Abroad, to pluck a chaplet by the way.

XIII.

But Margate,—oh! of Margate,—I forgot:—

Those who have ever been there must remember,
It is, to say the least, a pleasant spot,
And lively too, from June until September.
October is not dull,—though I would not
Linger until the days of dark November;—
But, while the pleasant weather lasts, the place is
All music, bathing, donkeys, and bright faces.

XIV.

Now to my tale:—It was the month of July,
 Some years ago,—it may be eight or nine,—
 (A time of year, at which but very few lie,
 To bake and broil, where London streets confine
 The thick air and hot sun, but migrate duly
 To bathing, and sea-breezes, or the shrine
 Of parks, and forest groves)—a herd of citizens
 Went down to Margate, to show off at Bettison's. (*)

XV.

Among the rest, there was a wedded pair
 Of *antique* lovers mingling in the throng;
 I don't mean the *antique* in *age*, or *air*;
 Should you suppose so, you were vastly wrong:
 The gentleman was tall, the lady fair,
 And both besides what people would call young;
 But then their *love* was *antique* quite and natural,
 Like our first Parents', ere they took to scatter-all

XVI.

Their unborn progeny abroad, and find
That petticoats and small-clothes should be made,
To shelter them—from what?—of course the wind,—
At least, no other reason should be said.
I always like to keep those things behind,
Which brings strange fancies to a person's head ;
A kind of modesty, which though not rational,
Is, I am told, considered strictly national !

XVII.

And therefore, as an Englishman, if I
This lauded practice should neglect, 'twere wrong ;—
Although, to tell the truth, I don't see why,
When vice hath only fled from off the tongue
To shelter in the heart, the world should cry
This *moral* nation up,—as if a throng
Of blushing hypocrites could stand alone
The guard which virtue summons round her throne !

XVIII.

I cannot say that I 'm inclined to be
 Fastidious in virtue,—or in vice ;
 But this I know, from all I e'er could see,
 I never found the persons over-nice
 In words, who would not bound with inward glee
 At least of heart, to grasp, at any price,
 The pleasures, which, in words, they scoffed before ;—
 And thus our *words* are modest,—but no more !

XIX.

The thing is natural,—though I decline
 My sprightly verse with reasonings to infest :
 Besides, you'll say, 'tis no affair of mine ;—
 No more it is,—and so we 'll let it rest.
 The question 's delicate ;—I 'm no Divine,
 And Irving's Scotch would scotch the thing the best.
 To Hatton-Garden then, some Sunday morn :
 Meanwhile, I'll drop his Reverence, and return.

XX.

I said they were a pair of natural lovers ;
 (The pair I mean especially to sing)
The *Why*, my verse in proper time discovers :
 But first, 'tis only fitting that I bring
Them in, by name, before you, ere we move. Her's
 Is EVE,—the husband's ADAM ; and I cling
To these, for reasons all my own, which you,
Ere long, perhaps, may e'en discover too.

XXI.

Eve was a pretty woman as you'll see,—
 I cannot say in *form*, as well as *features* ;
But 'tis a minor thought—that symmetry
 Of limb—to make us doat on the sweet creatures,—
At least, with *that* sweet sensibility
 Of voice, and eye, in which but few could beat hers.
Though somewhat large, she had a face, that one
Might gaze on, nor forget it when 'twas gone !

XXII.

I cannot say that I dislike obesity :

In things of love, I love a Royal taste :

Kings have most practice,—therefore, of necessity,

Their judgment's best, and so should not be waste.

Besides, 'tis right in candour to confess it, I

Think that all fleshy beauties longest last :—

Not like your forms all floating, fine, and flirty,

That pucker into wrinkles ere they 're thirty !

XXIII.

Our Eve was not so young as she had been,—

Full ten years having fled since she was twenty,—

Yet nought of change her countenance had seen,

And her warm, passionate heart of love still went high.

She was just married,—not but that I mean

Her youth had been adored by lovers plenty ;—

But vain, and heedless still of all, she floated on,

Till Adam came across,—and him she doted on.

XXIV.

She doted on him, as a thing at once
To kindle her shut soul's intensest fervour ;
So that the follies, which could long ensconce
Her heart in safety, would no longer serve her.
He was a man, when moving to the nonce
Of hearts, might say of woman, " I'll unnerve her !"
Tall, handsome, rich, and not quite twenty-three ;—
'Tis all a woman looks for, you'll agree.

XXV.

It was no wonder, then, she loved him dearly,
Especially as now her love ran strong
As a young torrent just escaping,—merely
Because her heart had shut it up so long.
She 'd had her follies, which had varied yearly,
As dress, or shows, or parties led the throng ;—
But now " the wild, indomitable passion,"
Had got into her breast,—and plays, and fashion,

XXVI.

And balls, and routs—(for city dames have these)—

Were *routed* all, and quickly laid aside ;

And 'twas her only pleasure, all at ease,

And bright with love, with Adam forth to ride,

And look upon the blue sky and green trees,

Which, ere her marriage, she had seldom spied ;

And then she 'd look into his eyes, and question

Of things, which he to answer was hard prest I own.

XXVII.

But ever and anon some thoughts of change

Came o'er her mind,—for still her feelings flowed,

Though in another channel,—and to range

Abroad, in wider circuit, her heart glowed.

“ It was but right to visit places strange,—

“ (And she could love her Adam, by the road)—

“ Every one travelled !”—This she said one night,

And kissed her Adam, who thought her quite right.

XXVIII.

They went to Margate, as I sung before,
And, for the present, stopt at an hotel;—
Its name I have forgot,—but, on the shore,
A crowd of hustling fellows plied them well,
With invitations to, at least, a score.
Poor Eve was frightened, and, ere worse befel,
Adam thought best to give a nod to one,
And took his card, and led the lady on.

XXIX.

They found the place, and seeing all things right,—
The luggage safely stowed, the porters paid,—
They felt at home; and, as 'twas nearly night,
Themselves fatigued too, thought of going to bed.
But first—for they had found an appetite
At sea—they ordered supper to be laid;—
Which soon despatched, they to their chamber hied,
To slumber, or—the lord knows what beside—

XXX.

To dream, no doubt ;—to dream a thousand things,—
Visions of love, and heavenly ecstacies,
Bright as the first, warm, wild imaginings,
That flash upon the youthful lover's eyes !
How the blood rushes, and the young heart springs,
As with a bound, where all its feelings rise,
Like the spring-tides of ocean in their sweep,
Rapid, and strong, and whelming !—Fast asleep,

XXXI.

Then, lay our loving dreaming pair.—O Love !
And what, when loveliest, art thou but a dream ?—
A dream of doubts, and hopes, and fears, that move
Along the troubled heart, and shed a gleam
Of lurid sadness, bidding us still prove
That joy is bitterness ; and hope, a beam
That cheats us with its brightness ; and all life,
One long, dull, weary pilgrimage of strife !

XXXII.

Thy spirit comes, and the heart feels its presence !

Thy spirit breathes, and the heart owns its power !

Hushed is each pulse of life, as, in obeisance,

The winds will hold their breath, and nature cower
Before the coming earthquake !—The quick essence

Of stirring thoughts then rises, and the hour
Of sense throngs thick with busy shapes, that flit
Around the troubled soul, and darken it !—

XXXIII.

And thus we dream awhile. Perchance a ray

Looks in on the mind's wanderings, and then
The little sunshine of the heart will stray

Unto the features,—but it fades again !—

Then comes the throb, the start, the quickening play

Of passion o'er the cheek, and the wild strain
Of agony, to fly from bonds, that fast
Confine us still ;—and then we wake at last !—

c

XXXIV.

Such is our dream of love. We love till death,
And wake in dying!—Should a kindlier fate
E'en visit us, uncertain is the breath
Of life we dote upon, and short the date
May be of our enjoyment! Underneath
The turf is our sole hope!—When most elate,
The dear one is torn from us, and the tomb,
Her early dower, shuts silent o'er her doom!

XXXV.

Oh MARY! thus it was with thee and me!
The dream hath past away,—the vision gone!
Yet they were moments of sweet ecstasy,
When thy dear spirit mildly o'er me shone!—
What now remains of all to me—to thee?
The aching heart, the monumental stone!
And through long years the soul goes sorrowing back,
As 'twere in search, along its desolate track!

XXXVI.

Enough of this.—There is a sacred woe,
That must not be profaned by the world's gaze :
The shut heart throbs, but men must never know
The silent pang—too dear—that inly preys !
Now let me pass, as gay as aught below,
To smooth my brow, and laugh o'er all their ways ;
The world aye loves gay faces and gay speeches,
And *both* the world's gay tutor, Folly, teaches.

XXXVII.

We just now left our travellers asleep,
As they had been till now, but that a dream
Aroused our Eve from out her slumbers deep.
She lay amid the waves, as it would seem,
Alone,—no succour near her,—and the sweep
Of ocean o'er her passed. First, a shrill scream,
And then a burst of laughter rudely broke,
And then she called on Adam, and awoke.

XXXVIII.

She woke ;—but still there lingered in her mind
An inward throb,—a heavy sense of pain,
As 'twere from images not well defined
Or scarce remembered, which she sought in vain.
She knew she'd suffered much, though still behind
The ache alone remained :—but, now again
Restored to waking sense, she grasped the pillow,
And her heart leaped, to find 'twas not the billow.

XXXIX.

The morn had woke—though Adam still was sleeping—
When Eve upon the world thus oped her eyes,
And marked the beams, that, through the shutters peeping,
Told full six hours departed since sun-rise.
She listened, for she thought the voice of weeping
Came from without, mixed with the ruder cries
And voices hoarse of a vast multitude,—
And then, the dash of waves in their wild mood !

XL.

She rose, and called up Adam in affright ;—

(Their window looked directly o'er the pier :)—

Above, they saw the summer sky all bright,

But, round them, were the traces far and near
That told the Tempest had been out that night.

The roar of the wild billows on the ear
Came, like some giant's death-groan, as on high
They foamed,—and the winds sung along the sky.

XLI.

They looked from out their window, and below

Was gathered, at the water's edge, a crowd ;
And, from the midst, there rose the shriek of woe,
As 'twere of woman wailing wild and loud.

It was a mother, with her infants, who,
Raving, looked out upon the dashing flood,
Where, straining on her only anchor, lay
A ship,—her husband in it !—off the bay.

XLII.

And there she stood, gazing all frantically
Upon that vessel, which, since half-past four,
With each pump working, just had kept the sea,
While the wind set directly on the shore.
The tide was running in, too, so that ye
Had sworn, at every instant, all was o'er
With the poor wretches, whom you might perceive
Thronging the deck, and could not still relieve !

XLIII.

As yet, no boat could get away from land,
Though many had attempted it,—in vain :
Two had been swampt outright, one injured, and
Their crews full sorely shattered to a man :
Yet others still were drawn out on the strand,
Prepared to make the bold assay again ;
While many a brave one cast his glance on high,
As if to upbraid the winds in their own sky !

XLIV.

At length a shout was heard within the bay :—

A boat had been got off, and, stoutly rowed
With six oars, round the pier-head made her way ;
Each lusty arm pulled bravely, and they stood,
With dashing prow, for where the vessel lay.

And now they hung upon the mountain flood
Of the vast billow, and now shot outright
Down—down the ocean-gulf,—long lost to sight !

XLV.

And there she stood,—that woman,—in her madness,
And gazed, and wept, and raved, and wept again,
Until arose that lengthened shout of gladness,

That hailed the boat safe launched upon the main.
She turned, and clasped her hands, and her soul's sadness
Seemed hushed to agony, as through her brain
Shot the convulsive throb, when o'er our fears
Lost Hope looks out,—and then, we shed no tears !

XLVI.

All tears are weakness—raindrops of a sky
That soon will clear again !—The fiery path
Of the lone thunder-cloud, when fierce, is dry ;—
The whirlwind comes alone,—and the worst wrath
Of Heaven will fall without a tear !—The eye
Weeps, and the soul dissolves :—full passion hath
No outlet ; 'tis the trance of our existence,
Absorbing heart—soul—all, without resistance !

XLVII

'Tis life's dead sea,—tideless and motionless !—
I wonder how the devil I thought of that !
But, having wrote so much of late, you'll guess,
At similes I'm getting rather pat :
So that, at times, if I should seem to oppress
You with them, you'll scarce wonder what I'm at.
In truth, I love to see a crowd of similes,
And hate to be laconic, which I deem ill is.

XLVIII.

O simile, and metaphor, ye are
The starlight of all poesy !—'tis high
Rapture, to view you scattered wide and far
O'er its blue depths, like lights along the sky !
Who would not rather gaze upon the star
Of midnight, beaming silent on his eye,
Than be o'erwhelmed in the hot garish day,
Where but one broad-eyed splendor pours its ray ?

XLIX.

Oh ! I have ever loved that midnight, deep,
And clear, and beautiful !—E'en when a boy,
My eyes, in their young wakefulness, would keep
Watch with the stars of heaven; and there was joy
To me, when all around was hushed in sleep,
And I could silent glide, without annoy,
From my lone couch, and, through the lattice high,
Look out upon the stars that lit the sky !

L.

Then came the rush of feelings infinite,
And stirring thoughts of things, though undefined
Yet rapturous, as if the spiritual light
Of those wild, heavenly fires shot through my mind,
And mingled with its essence. There were bright
Visions of things, with brighter still combined,—
While the whole boyish spirit seemed to pour
Itself out, in the fulness of the hour!

LI.

And then I wept, and gazed,—and gazed, and wept,
And thought of worlds, and spirits far away,
Till the young mind outgrew itself, and stept
Beyond the bounds of time. How oft the ray
Of some sweet star into my heart hath crept,
As 'twere some infant spirit gone astray
From its own orb above, and come to rest,
Awhile, from its far wanderings, in my breast!

LII.

But that is past—my boyhood is no more,
And other thoughts with other cares have grown ;
Yet I can smile, e'en here, on the bleak shore
Of life, where I a wreck have long been thrown !
Years teach the heart stern truths ;—then why deplore
What all of dust is born to ?—Not alone
We live in sorrow, though alone we lie
In death—the happiest then, when death is nigh !

LIII.

But hold,—my muse is growing rather moody :—
So, to return to what we were about.—
Our Eve and Adam at the window stood, I
Think, when we just now left them, looking out.
They looked upon the boat, which o'er the flood, I
Told you, went tossing, mid the thronging shout
Of glad spectators,—then they threw again
A hurried glance upon the troubled main.

LIV.

They saw the vessel at her station ride

Still safe,—with death around and underneath,—

Then turned unto that mother, at whose side

Two infants clung, that marking her fixed breath
And eye, looked up into her face, and cried,—

But she regarded not :—she stood like death,
Struck to a statue ;—then, a look they cast
Upon the boat,—then dressed themselves in haste.

LV.

They heard a shriek !—The boat had not got more

Than half way to her destination, when

A heavy sea came breaking in, and tore

The vessel from her anchorage. Again

She reeled, set free at length ; and on the shore

Went rushing, scattering wide both wreck and men,
Dashed o'er the breakers, that rose wild, and high,
As if rejoicing o'er their victory !

LVI.

But Eve, when first she heard the shriek, flew down,
And hurrying through the crowd, that prest below,
Sought out that matron, over whom a swoon
Had flung its short forgetfulness of woe !
She plied the proper remedies, and soon
Life,—feeling,—sense came back again ;—when lo !
Just to accomplish what her aid began,
Came sudden rushing through the crowd a man !

LVII.

He was a sailor, wet and dripping still
As from the waves,—in short, her husband. He,
When the ship went to pieces, turned his skill
To some account in swimming, and to sea,
With lusty arm, struck boldly out, until,
Doubling the pier, he entered up the bay.
A rope then saved him :—some few others followed him ;
Some the boat picked up ; some the billows swallowed
'em.

LVIII.

But *he* was safe, and he was all to her,—
The lone one, whom he just now stood before.
Oh Heaven ! that I was a philosopher
Of words, and feelings, just to count ye o'er
The things she said when she began to stir !
But, as it is, perhaps 'twould be a bore.
Besides, I'm wide already of my track,—
I'll mind it better when I next get back.

LIX.

I must despatch. When her eyes oped and knew
Her husband safe, she shrieked—then laughed—then
wept :—
It was her passion's ebb,—and the heart's dew
Came thick o'er her scorched feelings. Then she crept
With face into his bosom, as she drew
Him to her, while each tearful infant leapt,
In gladness, round him, courting a caress,
Which came not,—and they wept in bitterness !

LX.

At length they moved them to depart—I mean
Husband, and wife, and children; but our Eve,
Who, as you probably will guess, had been
Present to all that passed, not yet would leave;
But first, some information strove to glean,
Of where and at what distance they might live;
Then gave each child a shilling, and a pat on
The cheek:—the eldest, who'd a very fat one,

LXI.

She kissed,—and said she'd come and see them soon:
And so she did; but that's no matter here;
Let us not seek the changes of the moon,
Or tide, or weather, until such appear.
What is all human life?—Though it hath shone
Its first and second quarter through, all clear
And filling, like the moon,—there yet remain
The third, and fourth behind—its darkening wane!

LXII.

And thus we rise, and set, and come and go,
Like to that moon, or like the tides, which we
Count by her, as we watch their ceaseless flow,
Or like the red leaves of the autumnal tree !
Perhaps you'll call this an old song,—and so
It is,—and therefore is it dear to me :—
I love old songs, old servants, and old faces ;
And like to stray in old familiar places !

LXIII.

I'm fond of an old horse, that knows his master ;
A cellar of old wines is not rejectable ;
Old friendships always to my heart cling faster,
A soldier, when grown old, is most respectable ;
I'd rather meet an old than new disaster ;
But then old women are not most delectable,—
And so, perhaps, I'd better close my stanza
Before I give offence—which would not answer.

LXIV.

Oh ! that I could but live as I have done,

Some fifteen years since, when I rose and set
With cloudless heart, like an Italian sun !

Those *are* old times,—*were* happy, and as yet
Are dear, because they're old, and, one by one,

“ Each pleasant face ” is gone, which then I met,
At morn, noon, eve,—in every well-known place
I loved in boyhood, and can still retrace !

LXV.

But this brief heyday of the heart is o'er !—

I know not how the devil it comes to pass,
The more I muse on other things, the more

My mind flies from the present to what *was*,
And then comes back the memory of a score

Of things, which grows like the long verdant grass
Above the dead,—waving, as if in mockery
Of all that rots below !—Death is no joker, I

D

LXVI.

Think ;—yet whenever the dear “ school-boy spot ”
Comes o’er me, with its recollections sweet,—
The ancient tree, the little shady grot,
On summer evenings, where we used to meet ;—
The hill, the woodland haunt, where many a plot
Was laid,—the door through which we stole to greet
Some friend expected, with the thousand joys
Which boyhood knows,—the laugh, the shout, the noise,

LXVII.

The eager tramp of feet let loose to play,
The hum of voices busy in their mirth,
The approach of some long-looked-for holiday,
The smile of faces round the winter hearth,
The bosom friend, with whom I used to stray,
The merry hour that never knew the dearth
Of gladness,—oh ! when these my thoughts recall,
’Tis drear to know I have survived them all !

LXVIII.

But let it pass ;—" I am not what I was,"
And can't be what I would ;—but 'tis no matter :
I yet may drag life's weary chain on, as
The rest of day.—The world, at best 's a satire,
And man the sport of all ;—and if some pass
For happier, 'tis but that their fate would flatter
Them now, to make them doubly curst hereafter ;—
All tears are bitterest, that succeed to laughter !

LXIX.

And laughter too is sweeter after tears,
They say, and therefore let us laugh awhile ;
Indeed, unless we do, I have my fears,
Ere long, we almost shall forget to smile.
I've lately thought, that, as one grows in years,
One grows more moody too :—perhaps the bile,
Stopt by old age's various obstructions—
But hold !—I hate all over-nice deductions.

LXX

And so we'll call again on Mrs. Eve,
And Mr. Adam too,—her flesh and bone:
Indeed, I think 'twas impolite to leave
Our heroine and her spouse so long alone;
But, being just in tune, as you'll perceive,
I could but let my muse go singing on:
Besides, it was a pretty voluntary,
Although, in truth, its length might somewhat wear ye.

LXXI

Now Adam and his Eve had wandered through
Each hole, and corner of that pleasant town,—
(It is a thing I regularly do
In every place, when I've come newly down;—
I hate to merely see some street or two,
Or square, or public work of far renown,
Or ancient hall, or building—and call that
Seeing a place:—it is as if ye sat

LXXII.

Beside the water's edge, in some still bay,
And scooping in your hollow palm some drops,
Should call them ocean) Adam then, I say,
And Eve, with only some half dozen stops,
Around, and through the town had made their way ;
Looked in the bathing-rooms, admired the shops,
Asked questions, seen the concert-room and Bettison's,
The Fort, and also Mr. Beauty's pretty sons ;—

LXXIII.

I should say daughters too, for there were both,—
A goodly family as e'er you 'll see ;—
Eyes black and squinting, nose awry, and mouth
Set on one side ; backs crooked, skin that ye
Had ta'en for mildewed copper ; gait uncouth,
Like to this rhyme, which with them doth agree :
So formed in *beauteous ugliness* they were,
Their faces once beheld would fix you there ! (')

LXXIV.

I know not if our friends had time to feel

The beauties I've so well described in verse here ;
For just then there drove up, with rapid wheel,

A friend of Eve's—sweet little Mrs. Mercier.
She stopped, and bowed, and smiled, and rang a peal
Of pretty things, which I could ne'er rehearse here ;—
A ladies' meeting has such eloquence in it,
And crowds the thoughts of months into a minute !

LXXV.

“ Bless me ! my dear, who dreamed of seeing you ?

“ I thought St. Paul's church-yard had moved as soon !

“ What lovely weather !—Well, and how d'ye do ?

“ And when did you arrive ?—'Tis a sweet town ;

“ I'm sure you like it !—Mr. Adam too !—

“ Where do you stay ?—You've bathed since you've
been down ?

“ Well, you must come, and see us in the Square,—

“ Number fifteen, you know,—We're living there.

LXXVI

" I think, my dear, the air has done you good ;—

" You go to Bettison's to-night ?—I 've been

" Driving, you see, into the neighbourhood,—

" And are you not afraid of a machine ?

" D'ye ever ride, or drive ?—if not, you should ;—

" You came by steam, or by the hoy ?—We mean

" To go to Dandelion, if its fair

" To-morrow,—'tis the breakfast^(s)—you 'll be there ?"—

LXXVII.

I cannot say that Eve returned a ready

Answer to each inquiry, as it passed,—

Indeed, she had not time,—the galè was steady

Of the fair querist's words, as is the blast,

That bears the vessel onwards ;—'twas a heady

Horse that had got the rein, and fierce, and fast

Dashed forward with its rider, till its strength

Or blood was somewhat down,—then stopt at length.

LXXVIII.

Thus Mrs. Mercier stopped.—Our friends replied

In brief,—they had come down the day before ;
Were taking their first walk ; and that, beside

The places they 'd just seen, knew nothing more ;
Expressed their joy at meeting thus, and plied

Their friend, in turn, with questions o'er and o'er :
Named their hotel, and then agreed to go
Home with her, just by way of “ how d'ye do,”

LXXIX.

To Mr. Mercier and the family.—

They entered, and were asked to dine,—they dined ;—
Then went to Bettison's ; heard two or three

New songs ; affected sundry graces, joined
The raffle ; made remarks ; then back to tea,

At half past ten ; avowed they felt inclined
To join the next day's public breakfast-party—

“ Agreed !” they said at length, “ at nine we'll start ye.”—

LXXX.

It is a pleasant place, that Margate, still,
Where pleasure only hath her gentle sway,
And each may walk, or ride, or drive, at will,
With horse, or donkey, through the public way,
Of gay diversion taking thus their fill.
I like that kind of freedom, I must say,
Where each may please himself, nor fear the whispers
Of some half score of puppies, hardly his peers.

LXXXI.

One loves to see a place all recreation,
Sojourn of joy, and pastime's sweet abode,
Where revels, frolics, fun have their vacation,
And sport, and smiles, and laughter are the mode,
And schemes of pleasure are in agitation,
And happy faces meet you on the road,
And you're not bound by what the world calls "Fashion —
A word, that always puts me in a passion.

LXXXII.

Indeed, I don't know that I understand

The import of the phrase, unless it mean,
To rise at twelve, use scents, lace tightly, and

Ride out at four, to see and to be seen,
Meet some old friend, and offer him your hand,

Then wonder at his impudence, which e'en
Obtruded thus in public; then go home,
To swear, and dress, till dinner-time is come.

LXXXIII.

It is not thus in Margate's pleasant place,

Where, if the company is "vulgar," still
It is but as they ape "the better race,"—

Better in nothing, save in what is ill:

And then there are a thousand points to efface

The memory of this: they have the will
To oblige, are pleasant, merry, kind, and affable;—
To say how much I like 'em I'm not half able.

LXXXIV.

Besides, I like the customs of the town :

I like to rise at seven, and troll away
In some sweet morning walk ; perhaps go down
Unto the sands, and saunter through the bay,
Watching the tides ; or, on the high beach thrown,
Look out upon the waters, as the day
First glances o'er them from the land, and lightens
The foam that o'er the distant billow whitens.

LXXXV.

I like too, after breakfast, to look in

At Hughes's, read the papers : if agree
The tide, and whim to bathe, take a machine,
Or look from the balcony o'er the sea,
Where yet Reculver's sister spires are seen ;
Or listen to some thrilling harmony—
Mozart's, or Handel's—with the tones and swells
Of a grand piano, such as Broadwood sells. (°)

LXXXVI.

I like their little parties and excursions,
 Their trips to some sweet spot, by land or sea ;
I like their sailing-boats and the diversions,
 The laugh, the jest, the song—upon the way ;
I like the cars, well sheltered from the aspersions
 Of envious skies upon a rainy day,
And well remember their white curtains too,
And glancing eyes, like Houris', peeping through.

LXXXVII.

I like to dine at early hours, at home,
 Or in the fields, perchance, in some green spot ;
I like, in the still evening, forth to roam
 To sweet St. Peter's, or to Draper's cot, (?)
And there take tea with the old folks ; then come
 Back to the libraries, though they are not
Quite to my mind, there's too much show, and dress,
And nonsense ; but I like them ne'ertheless.

LXXXVIII.

I like the neighbourhood too,—the ancient places ,
That bring back the past ages to the eye,
Filling the gap of centuries—the traces
Of seventeen hundred years, at least, that lie
Mouldering beneath your tread !—for such the case is
With man and man's achievements—they must die !—
There's Richborough, Stonar, Monkton, Minster here,
And the long track where ran Domnona's deer. (°)

LXXXIX.

In sooth, it was a pious deer that same,
And well attached to Mother Church, I wot,
And knew that those who fast and pray should claim
Some share of goodly acres to their lot.
No doubt Domnona was a prudent dame,
And all her virgins too without a blot ;
But, after all, one does not like starvation,—
So half the island was their consolation !

XC.

There's Dandelion, with its prison-cell

Below; above, its lovely prospects round; ⁽⁹⁾

There's Kingsgate, and its tumuli, that tell

Where conquering Danes and conquered Saxons found

Their bloody graves,—here Ealher, Huda fell,

And thousands, o'er the cliffs dashed down, were
drowned,

Hurled back again from off the land, which they

Defended—only as the wolf its prey! ⁽¹⁰⁾

XCI.

But "*milites nil a se alienum putant*,"—

Thus Holland wrote, and I may write again;

Though now-a-days I hear but very few taunt

Our "glorious army" with so foul a stain.

'Tis true, I know, of late, some one or two taunt

The *French* with *something*, when they talk of Spain;

But that must be because they know no other—

Perhaps 'tis only *wondering what they do there!* ⁽¹¹⁾

XCII.

Indeed, to tell the truth, I often wonder
Myself at their confounded impudence,
And grieve to think the Spaniards should knock under
To Bourbon arms and French interference !
'Tis strange how fond are kings of blood and plunder,
Which they pursue on any weak pretence !
Yet, one would think, that twenty years of exile
Had made *great Louis* to such tricks less flexible.

XCIII.

But, oh ye Powers that rule the hearts of Kings !
And rule our slumbers too, if such it please ye,—
(Kind Reader, don't suppose that *royal Things*
Are mixed with vulgar dozings, just to tease ye :
The morn has now awoke, and therefore brings
Us to our story, by transition easy)—
Our friends are up, and off ;—a one-horse-chaise,
In rolling speed, the happy pair conveys.

XCIV.

Oh that I could but tell you half the fun,—
The pleasant doings of that pleasant place,—
When Dandelion's pastimes are begun,
And joy and frolic lighten every face,
And things of love and sport are said and done;
And the long dance moves lightly o'er the grass,
And sounds of mirth and music meet the ear,
Rung from some grove or shady covert near! (¹⁹)

XCV.

But that I leave to better pens than mine—
(I've mended it but once since I began,—
It being an art in which I never shine,
I seldom use my pen-knife while I can
Help it,—a thing I always would enjoin
To every scribbling, letter-writing man,—
It saves much time and quills;—and, if you write
Illegibly,—it's modish and polite!)

XCVI

Now Adam and his Eve had mingled long
In each diversion of the place and time ;
Had eaten, drunk, laughed, danced amid the throng,
And thought the groves and music quite sublime !
'Twas time to quit, ere yet the iron tongue
Of the huge clock told forth its evening chime ;—
And so they thought of starting,—but, before
They did so, quickly searched the gardens o'er.

XCVII.

Their friends, the Merciers, who, you'll bear in mind,
Came with them, now were nowhere to be found ;—
They left them in a dance, nor since had joined,
Although an hour, at shortest, had gone round.
Adam was loath to leave them thus behind ;
But then, 'twas clear they were not in the ground ;
And Eve, besides, was anxious to be gone—
“ 'Twould be so pleasant to ride home alone ! ”

E

XCVIII.

Their gig was brought, and they departed.—Oh
Ye goddesses, that favour chaste descriptions,
And, from your writing-desks, slip down below,
To H—el—t, or to M—re, your sweet subscriptions,
Hear a poor bard ! your guardian care bestow ;
And if each rock and shoal his venturous ship shuns,
He vows—no matter what—perhaps, to adore ye,—
That is to say, when you 've made out his story.

XCIX.

In fact, I 'm coming, as perhaps you 'll guess,
Most gentle reader, to a puzzling part,—
The *nodus* of my tale, which asks no less
Than all the skill and practice of my art,—
A thing which often causes much distress
To bards, like me, a little inexpert :—
However, I can only do my best,
And hope, in kindness, you 'll supply the rest.

C.

It was a lovely hour when forth they went,—

It might be five o'clock, or nearly so;—

The breeze had freshened and the heats were spent,

And, from the distant sea, the evening glow
Of the mild sun its dewy lustre sent.

They looked upon the scene;—the day was low;

But three hours yet remained ere sunset closed

O'er them,—so Eve a lengthened ride proposed.

CI.

They turned their horse's head, and towards the sea

Drove down, to enjoy the coolness of the breeze;

The sands received them, in a little bay, (¹³)

Where the scarce-heaving wave in cadences
Of murmuring music broke. The parting day

Lay bright upon the waters; and the seas,—

Hushed, like a child upon its mother's breast

In beauteous sleep,—had tossed themselves to rest.



CII.

The traces of the storm of yesterday
Had vanished,—save that here and there were thrown
The gathered weeds, which on the high beach lay,
Like some bleak wreck of human life—alone !
All else but spake of peace within that bay,
Where the tide rippled, and the evening shone,
As placidly as if creation there
Looked for the first time o'er earth, seas, and air !

CIII.

It was a lovely minute,—calm, and still
As love's soft sunny glow within the soul ;—
And there they stood, and gazed, and gazed, until
The evening splash of the small wave the whole
Of their existence seemed.—A heavenly thrill
Of thousand sweet sensations o'er them stole ;—
They looked at, first each other, then the sea,
Then thought how love—and—bathing would agree

CIV.

'Twas a sequestered, solitary spot,
Where they might bathe secure from all intrusion ;
The horse was quiet too, and so 'twas not
Unsafe to leave him, was the next conclusion.
They alighted and undressed :—the lady thought,
At first, she felt a little strange confusion ;
But then it was her husband, and, you know,
Husbands are nobody,—or should be so.

CV.

They undressed, and then—What then?—Why, I suppose
They stood—but that's no matter,—'twere indecent
Minutely to describe—they placed their clothes
Within the gig ; then round and o'er the sea sent
A hurried glance, lest, ere the wave could close
Round them, some wanderer, with step more recent,
Should light upon their solitude,—a thing
Awkward just now to my imagining.

CVI.

And so it was to their's,—and thus they cast
Their eyes around; but there was nobody:
Air, earth, and seas were all their own. They passed
Unto the waters, which voluptuously
Closed in, while the small, wanton waves embraced
Each lovely charm, as 'twere in ecstasy
Of the fair creature that disporting lay
Amid their freshness, like a bird at play

CVII.

Upon the waters, in the sunny hour
Of some sweet summer-day, when you will see
Them floating, overarched by the full shower
Dashed from beneath them, in their pinions' glee.
And now our friends had felt the freshening power
Of the pure wave;—had dipped, and 'gan to agree
'Twas time But,—oh!—ye goddesses or witches!
The horse is off with petticoats and breeches!

CVIII.

Loud rung the shriek of our affrighted Eve—

The horse but ran the faster for the noise—

Poor Adam splashed and dashed from out the wave

To o'ertake him ; but 'twas vain as his wife's voice !

The uncivil animal was bent to leave

Them where they were, with or without their choice,

And, thinking only of his corn and stable,

Galloped off home as hard as he was able.

CIX.

And there they stood !—I can but laugh to think

How piteously they gazed upon each other,

Like our first parents upon Eden's brink,

Ere their young modesty they 'd learned to smother !

E'en from herself our Eve began to shrink,

Though now it was too late to make much pother ;

And so at once they set them to look out

For some stray rag to gird themselves about.

CX.

Oh, ye Immortals, what a thing is modesty !
And what a queer one Adam must have been !—
I mean the *first*, who chose a thing the oddest I
Ever have heard,—a fig leaf,—for a screen !
I wonder what he took to round their bodies tie—
That is not mentioned in the dressing scene—
Perhaps,—but never mind,—as the world says,
“ They looked quite proper,”—’tis, I think, the phrase,

CXI.

And yet, I must confess, I ne’er could find
The “ *proper*” in your beauties half undrest,
Who keep no more than they can help behind,
And show enough to let you know the rest :
I wish I was a little in the mind,
I think I’d put their blushes to the test ;
But years will make us feel we ’re growing old,—
Our friends are naked too, and catching cold,

CXII.

They found some sea-weed on the beach, which they
Girt round them, in their haste, as best they could.
Where should they turn?—The road before them lay,
And, at a little distance, was a wood,
To which they thought, at first, to make their way :
They knew 'twas somewhere in the neighbourhood
Where dwelt the Sailor and his Spouse—the same
Whom Eve had succoured—I forget their name.

CXIII.

But here a hollow in the cliff they spied,—
'Twas safe, almost beyond discovery;—
So Adam left his lady there to hide,
And went in quest of some assistance. He,
Trusting to chance or fortune for his guide,
Came up to a small cot:—it seemed to be
Inhabited:—he knocked;—was answered by a woman,
Young, matronly, but tall enough for two men.

CXIV.

It was the sailor's wife.—The woman stared,
And started too, as well, I think, she might ;
She seemed inclined to be a little scared,
As not quite used to so uncouth a sight.
But Adam in few words himself declared,
And told the outlines of his piteous plight ;
Said that his wife was sheltering on the strand,
And begged they 'd lend what clothes they had at hand.

CKV.

She called her husband—'twas not fit, you know,
Such sight for her—a nasty naked man—
At least, she knew her husband would think so :—
Perhaps she deemed him wrong,—but we'll not scan
Her thoughts, though naughty women sometimes do
Indulge their scorching fancies when they can.
But let that pass :—The husband came and heard
The tale our Adam in his grief preferred.

CXVI.

'Twas short and well received. He bade him enter,
(I think he smiled a little by the way)
Rigged him out fairly, called his wife, and sent her,
With Adam for her guide, to where Eve lay.
She took with her some clothes—her best—and lent her
Enough to serve her for at least a day ;
Then led them home, where they agreed to stop
Until the busy day-light shut up shop.

CXVII.

By nine o'clock the sky grew dusky o'er 'em :
They started to return to their hotel :
They entered ; but each eye was turned to explore 'em,
And whisperings, gigglings round them 'gan to swell.
In fact the story had got there before 'em,
Though by what means they knew not, nor could well
Surmise,—unless the horse that took their clothes
Home had betrayed them,—which we may suppose.

CXVIII.

But I have heard it differently related,—
Though Eve said nothing of it that I hear,—
That, whilst within the cliff, as I have stated,
Some loitering fisherman espied her there ;
Addressed her, heard her tale, and separated
To fetch some clothes ; but scarce had parted ere
Her husband, with the sailor's wife aforesaid,
Arrived—I think there need not be much more said.

CXIX.

Why Eve concealed this story, I must own
I know not,—though she'd reasons, I dare say ;
However, it was clear that all was known,
And they began to wish themselves away.
The adventure shortly would abroad be blown,
And then 'twere rather awkward there to stay ;—
And so they paid their bill, and, in a hurry,
Took chaise that night and went to Canterbury.

CXX.

They arrived in town next day, "per coach," and told

 Their friends the sea-air did not all agree;—

Indeed, poor Eve had caught a desperate cold :

 And so the excuse passed off. In two or three
Days she grew better, and was much consoled

 With hopes that they might yet escape "shot free:"—

It was a pleasing dream ; but I much doubt

If the event quite bore the vision out.

CXXI.

The Merciers followed in a day or two,

 And Mrs. Mercier held her tongue a week !

Then whispered some half dozen gossips, who

 Soon blabbed it, though they promised not to speak.

In short, the story ran like wildfire through

 The herd of their acquaintance, till each cheek

Was changed in laughter, wheresoe'er they went ;—

A thing which caused much blush and discontent.

CXXII.

They cut the Merciers after this, and joined
Another circle :—to their better friends—
The Sailor and his Wife—were always kind,
With frequent presents making them amends.
Eve often calls her Margate trip to mind,
But never more, I hear, to bathe intends :
Indeed, her first attempt was most distressful—
I hope her poet will be more successful.

THE END.

NOTES.

No. 1, stanza vi.

"But then there are no beds," &c.

I have been told that this is not true. It *was*, however, in the summer of 1817,—the last and only time I was on board a *Margate* Steam-boat. The "Thames" and the "Majestic" were, I think, the vessels of that season, and there were no beds in either of them.

No. 2, stanza x.

"To which the eye

May turn in travelled self-sufficiency."

I remember, some years ago, accidentally overhearing a conversation, in which two city ladies, sisters, were taking a considerable share. One, the youngest and the prettiest, was describing something of which she had probably read an account, when she was suddenly interrupted by her *travelled* sister, who thus addressed the other parties to the conversation:—"Dear me!—don't ask *her* for the account; she has seen nothing; she has never been out of London.—But

I have been to Margate!" She then proceeded, very luminously, to correct the errors of her sister in the description, I believe, of the dresses of some of the South Sea Islanders !

No. 3, stanza xiv.

" To show off at Bettison's."

Bettison is the proprietor of the principal library at Margate. His room, which is really a beautiful piece of architecture, and, I believe, the finest thing of the kind in England, is the great resort of company during the evenings of the season ; and the mimicries of fashion, and of *haut ton*, which are there sometimes displayed, are truly ludicrous. If viewed in the proper light, they would serve as a good satire. The amusements at Bettison's are similar to those at the libraries of other watering places.

No. 4, stanza lxxiii.

Outrageous as the sketch given in this stanza may appear, it in reality falls far short of the originals, who by the way are, or at least were, something more than mere poetical personages. They were a large family,—father, mother, and five or six sons and daughters,—all equally ugly, but comprising in their few faces as much variety of that same ugliness as can well be imagined consistent with a strict family likeness. When I was at Margate, I had the *pleasure* of seeing them frequently. They were the topic of much conversation at the time, and were to be met in every place of

public resort. I could never discover, however, that they had any acquaintance or society in the town. They were generally known by the name of "The Beauties."

I remember to have heard an interesting young lady observe, speaking of "a very plain gentleman" with whom she had been in company, that he was "really so ugly, she could not help considering him handsome:" and she explained the paradox by saying, that she had sometimes met with faces, amongst which was the one in question, so "exquisitely perfect in their deformity," that she felt her attention drawn to them, with much the same kind of irresistible attraction which she would have experienced in regarding features of the finest and most regular proportions. Odd as this idea may sound in expression, I suspect it will carry with it a *feeling* to the recollection of all who may ever have been fortunate enough to light upon one of these paragons of deformity. It instantly reminded me of my own sensations on beholding the family alluded to above; and the reader will perceive that I have endeavoured to embody it in the text.

No. 5, stanza lxxvi.

"'Tis the breakfast,—you'll be there?"

See Note 13, on stanza xciv.

No. 6, stanza lxxxv.

The bathing-rooms, situated on the western side of the High-Street and close to the harbour, are seven or eight in number, of which, more than one, I think, were, when I was

F

there in 1817, in the name of Hughes. The accommodations of these rooms are superior to any thing of the kind I ever saw; and are so fitted up, as to afford a very pleasant lounge to those who may not be disposed to bathe. They are much frequented by company, as well in the evenings as in the earlier parts of the day. There is a good supply of the daily papers from London, several excellent glasses for those who are fond of sea-views, and, in the evening particularly, you may frequently be delighted with some very sweet performances on the grand piano-forte, which is kept for the use of the company, and to which I have often seen the young ladies, who were present, successively sit down, and, in the most pleasing and unaffected manner, entertain a party for hours. There is a balcony behind these rooms, commanding a good view of the sea; from which you descend, by a flight of several steps, to the machines below.

No. 7, stanza lxxxvii.

*"I like, in the still evening, forth to roam
To sweet St. Peter's or to Draper's Cot."*

St. Peter's is a pretty little village, standing on an eminence, about two miles from Margate, and one from Broadstairs. As you cross the fields by a foot-path from Margate to St. Peter's, you pass, at about half-way, a place called "Draper's Hospital." This is a row of cottages, or alms-houses, erected in 1709, in pursuance of the will of one Michael Yoakley, who bequeathed property for that purpose, together with the ground on which it stands and a competent

endowment. It comprises nine dwellings, one of which is appropriated as the residence of an overseer; the rest are occupied by such poor widows, as, being natives and inhabitants of either of the four parishes of St. John's, St. Peter's, Birchington, or Acol, come within the other intentions of the founder. In addition to their lodging, they receive an annual allowance of money and coals, and have a small patch of ground allotted to them for a garden.

Michael Yoakley, the founder of this asylum, was a native of St. John's, and originally in very humble circumstances. It is said that he was, at one time, a servant on the very estate which he has here bequeathed; and that the foundation originated in a vow which he then made, to build a row of alms-houses for distressed widows, if he ever became owner of the property. He was a Quaker; and the following inscription, enumerating the requisite qualifications in candidates for admission, seems to have been written in the meek spirit of that unoffending and charitable sect. It is cut on square white marble slabs, and placed over the middle doors in each front:—

“ In much weakness the God of might did bless,
 With increase of store,
 Not to maintain pride nor idleness,
 But to relieve the poor,
 Such industrious poor as truly fear the Lord,
 Of { Meek,
 Humble, and } according to his Word.
 Quiet Spirit, }

Glory to God alone.”

F 2

The apartments in the hospital, as it is called, are very neatly fitted up, and it is not uncommon for parties to come over from Margate, in the fine weather, and take tea amongst the old people.

No. 8, stanza lxxxviii.

*"There's Richborough, Stonar, Monkton, Minster here,
And the long track where ran Domnona's deer."*

There are few places, I suspect, which within the same space contain so many traces of antiquity as the Isle of Thanet; none certainly which claim our interest so powerfully, or to which the heart turns with more genuine feeling. Thanet was the gate through which both civilization and religion may be said to have entered into this country. Here landed the invading Romans, led by conquest and ambition, and bringing with them the arts and refinements of life; here appeared the meek "messengers of peace," come to announce the gospel of righteousness, and proclaim the promises of another world. In later times, the incursions of the Danes renewed the scenes, which, on the same ground, their Saxon predecessors had already acted; and Thanet, always the landing-place of every new comer, became again and again the sacred spot on which liberty was doomed to make her holy struggle. It is impossible to move amongst these scenes, to tread this ground, to behold the still-existing memorials of these great events, without feelings of the most impressive and awakening interest. The mind naturally associates all that we now enjoy with the very scenery about

us. The spirit of the place seems to come down upon us,—its ruins speak to us,—its echoes remind us of what we owe to it,—and, in every crumbling stone and moss-grown hillock, we behold the monuments of things which make “the heart run o’er with gladness.” I shall never forget the feelings with which I first set foot on the isle of Thanet. I was young, to be sure, and it was in the vacation time; but the impression will never be effaced. Had I been standing upon “holy ground,” and heard the voice which commanded Moses to “take off his shoes,” I could not have felt more. It seemed to me that I was entering upon a land that must be trod with reverence. There was a sacredness in every thing I approached,—there was a sublimity in every thing that surrounded me. I went from place to place, but the feeling still accompanied, or, rather, grew upon me. If I visited an ancient church, it was more imposing,—if I met a grey and tenantless ruin, it was more venerable, than any I had ever seen: and, when standing upon the barrows at Kingsgate, or looking down from the ruins of Richborough Castle, or pacing the sounding aisles of Minster’s “holy place,” a thousand or eighteen hundred years seemed to dwindle to a span, and I became almost the living witness of the glorious revolutions, civil, social, and religious, which here commenced their magnificent career. But the mention of these names reminds me that my business just now is rather with places than with feelings; so, laying aside the romantic musings of boyhood, I proceed with the original design of this note.

The Richborough mentioned in the text, anciently called "Rutupiæ," was the first and most considerable station of the Romans in this country, and indeed the general landing-place of their forces. It lay about a mile and a quarter north-west of Sandwich, and, as early as Vespasian's time, had grown into sufficient importance to attract his particular attention. He built a castle for its defence, the ruins of which are all that now remain of this once celebrated place. Amongst the incursions and ravages of the Danes towards the latter end of the reign of Ethelred, (an. 1009-10,) this town seems to have shared the fate of many others. It was entirely destroyed, and being never rebuilt, its very ruins have totally disappeared. The remains of its castle, however, are still there,—which with the Castrensian Amphitheatre, on an eminence near it, stand the lone and melancholy mourners over the departed greatness of the spot!—Vid. Batteley's "*Antiquitates Rutupinæ*."

At the distance of about a mile, in an easterly direction from Richborough, and on the road from Ramsgate to Sandwich, are the remains of Stonar. It is supposed by many to have been the ancient "*Lapis Tituli*" of the Romans, and was certainly in a great and flourishing state in the 10th century. There is scarce a vestige of it now remaining, the town having been plundered and burnt by the French in 1385.

Monkton is now only a small village, about six miles S.W. from Margate. Its name shews it to have been the property of the monks; and one of the aisles of its church, with the

chancel, is still standing, and contains many interesting remnants of antiquity.

Proceeding almost in an easterly direction, at the distance of about two miles from Monkton, we come to the ancient town of Minster. We hear of this town as early as the year 670, when Domnona, daughter of Ercombert, king of Kent, established there an abbey, in which she placed seventy virgins, and became herself the first abbess. It is related, that, wishing thus to dedicate herself to religion, she applied to her brother Egbert, who had succeeded his father in the kingdom, for land whereon to found her monastery; and that he, whimsically enough, agreed to give her whatever portion of the island should be run over or described by a deer at one course. The deer was started somewhere about the present Sheriff's Court, on the downs above Minster; and, taking a northerly direction, through Cleve Court and Wood-Church, ran quite across the island to Westgate; thus cutting it into two nearly equal parts, of which the eastern division was allotted to Domnona. The track of the deer was marked by a bank of earth thrown up, which is still called "St. Mildred's Lynch," from the daughter of Domnona, who succeeded her as abbess,—and is still the boundary of the two great manors of Monkton and Minster, into which the island is divided.—The church of Minster is the most handsome, and ancient building in Thanet.

No. 9, stanza xc.

*" There's Dandelion, with its prison cell
Below,—above, its lovely prospects round."*

Dandelion is situated about a mile and a half to the S.W. of Margate. It was anciently the fortified residence of a family of the same name, which became extinct as early as 1445, and the remains of it, which are still standing, prove it to have been a place of great antiquity. The gate and gate-house are yet in complete preservation; and the spiral stone stair-case within gives an easy ascent by 58 steps to the summit, which overlooks the Channel, and commands the view of a beautiful and richly cultivated country. Under the right side of this gatehouse was discovered, about a century ago, a room large enough to hold a dozen persons, in which were several lachrymatory urns of different sizes and different materials:—under the other side was a dungeon, of which Lewis, in his "Excursions to Margate," thus speaks:—

" My course was now bent to Dent-du-lion, the real
" remains of a very ancient seat, whose entrance-gate
" is still almost entire. I clambered up to the top of the
" battlements; the scenes around, though partly level, are
" variously swelled by nature, and afford a variety, which,
" through the richest cultivation . . . cheer the civilized
" eye beyond all the freaks and vagaries of wild mountains
" and desert vales. In returning down the circling stairs, I
" espied something like the path to a subterraneous passage—

“ it was not in nature to resist exploring—a dungeon
 “ finished the search, its massy rings still remaining, where
 “ many a bold champion, after hazarding his life in glorious
 “ battle, was left to groan away years of captivity:—where,
 “ perhaps, in ruder times, barons, devoted to some despotic
 “ master, removed the patriot zeal”——And a great deal more
 in the same strain,—for Lewis was fond of *apostrophizing*
 liberty !

No. 10, stanza xc.

“ *There's Kingsgate, with its tumuli,*” &c.

Kingsgate, in the parish of St. Peter, is three miles from Margate, and one from Broadstairs. This place was formerly called Bartholomew's Gate, from a breach or passage cut through the cliff to the level of the sea-shore, and said to have been finished on the festival of that saint:—but Charles II. with the Duke of York, landing here (an. 1683,) in their way from London to Dover by water, commanded the ancient name to be changed ; and the place has ever since been denominated Kingsgate.

In a valley fronting the sea was the beautiful residence of the late Henry Lord Holland, built in imitation of Cicero's Formian villa. The house has been either pulled down or converted into separate lodging-houses, but there still remain many of the statues, pillars, and rustic buildings which adorned the grounds. Among these, one of the most remarkable is a rude Gothic monument, erected on the larger of two tumuli, called “ Hackendon Banks,” which appear

to be the graves of persons who must have fallen in some engagement fought upon the spot. The tradition of the place fixes this battle in the year 853, when the Danes having been defeated in a pitched battle by Ethelwolf, at the head of the West Saxons, were attacked in their settlement in the Isle of Thanet by Ealher and Huda, governors of Kent and Surry:—"But though defeated," says Hume, "in the beginning of the action, they finally repulsed the assailants, and killed both the governors. Many on each side were killed; and the contest being so near the sea, great numbers fell over the cliff, and were drowned."

These barrows were opened, the larger in 1743, the smaller in 1765, and within were discovered the remains of several distinct graves, containing a quantity of human bones, large, and for the most part sound:—and in the former were likewise three urns made of coarse black earth, which crumbled into dust on being exposed to the external atmosphere. The monument is in the style of very remote antiquity. On a tablet is the following inscription:—

D. M.

Danorum et Saxorum hic occisorum
dum de solo Britannico,
(Milites nihil a se alienum putant)
Britannis perfide et crudeliter olim expulsis,
Inter se dimicaverunt,
Hen. de Holland
Posuit.

Qui duces, qualis hujus proelii exitus
Nulla notat historia;
Annum circiter DCCC evenit pugna;
Et pugnam hanc evenisse fidem faciunt
Ossa quam plurima,
Quæ, sub hoc, et altero tumulo huic vicino,
Sunt sepulta.

No. 11, stanza xci.

"Perhaps 'tis only wondering what they do there!"

This was written before the last downfall of the Spanish Constitution, and whilst the death struggle of liberty was still alive. Poor Riego, too, then walked among the counsels of patriotism! But alas! for liberty and Spain! the cause of legitimacy and despotism has since conquered, and seems destined to prosper for a time! The hands that were raised in her defence are disarmed,—the hearts that beat for her glory are cold,—the tyrant and the weak are standing where the generous and the free have trod,—and the bayonets of foreigners have become the only sceptre of her power! If Riego's spirit can still visit the scenes of his earthly glory, a voice must surely come forth from his grave to rouse the hearts of his followers: if the "fire from the altar" is not all extinguished, some Nehemiahs will yet arise to point out where the sacred flame is hidden, and "the time will come that the sun will shine out, which before was in a cloud," to "enkindle the great fire," at which the tyrants of the earth shall "wonder." What will France say to such a consummation of the glories of her "Prince Generalissimo?" and yet to what else are the folly and the perfidy of the legitimate Ferdinand hurrying events? Let us see if France does not yet lament her infamous violation of the rights of nations.

No. 12, stanza xciv.

*" And sounds of mirth and music meet the ear,
'Rung from some grove or shady covert near."*

At Dandelion there is a public breakfast every Wednesday, (and during the fullest part of the season every Wednesday and Saturday,) which is enlivened with music, dancing, and every species of rural-diversion. During the fine weather this is all in the open air, and the lawns and groves with which the place is surrounded are admirably adapted to the purpose.

No. 13, stanza ci.

" The sands received them in a little bay."

Marsh Bay, about a mile and a half to the west of Margate. What follows of the story is substantially a fact.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY WILLIAM CLOWES,
Northumberland-court.

PUBLICATIONS BY JOHN AND HENRY L. HUNT.

Tavistock Street, June 7th, 1834.

Just published, in one vol. 8vo.

POSTHUMOUS POEMS of the late **PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY, Esq.** containing

The Witch of Atlas;

Julian and Maddalo;

The Triumph of Life;

Alastor, or the Spirit of Solitude (reprinted);

TRANSLATIONS.—The Cyclop, a Satyric Drama, from Euripides;

Homer's Hymn to Mercury. From the Faust of Goethe, &c.

Miscellaneous Poems.

Preparing for publication, in foolscap 8vo.

A Volume of **POETICAL TRANSLATIONS** and **IMITATIONS.** By the **AUTHOR** of "IRELAND."

In the press, foolscap 8vo.

The **WORKS** of the Right Honourable Lord **BYRON.** Vols. 11 and 12, containing

WERNER, HEAVEN and EARTH, the VISION of JUDGMENT, the AGE of BRONZE, and the ISLAND.

Also, the same Pieces in demy 8vo. 2 vols. to complete the two editions of that size already published.

In the press, one vol. foolscap 8vo. boards,

BACCHUS in TUSCANY. A Dithyrambic Poem. From the Italian of **FRANCESCO REDI**; with Notes original and select, by **LEIGH HUNT.**

Come, thou monarch of the vine,

Plump, Bacchus, with pink eyne:

In thy vats our cares be drown'd;

With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd;

Cup us, till the world goes round.—*Antony and Cleopatra.*

In 8vo. price 2s. sewed.

LETTERS to the **EDITOR** of the **NEW TRIAL** of the **WITNESSES** in answer to that Work. By an **OXFORD LAYMAN.**

Just published, price 4s. sewed,

An **HISTORICAL FRAGMENT** relative to **HER LATE MAJESTY.**

N. B. This Fragment will be published, for the present, anonymously; but as the Author stands in no awe, either of her late Majesty's friends, or of her enemies, his Name will be given up instant, should occasion require.

DON JUAN. Cantos XV. and XVI.

Fine Edition—Demy 8vo. price 9s. 6d.

Foolscap 8vo. price 7s.

Common Edition, 18mo. (to prevent piracy) price 1s.

Octavo, price 12s. boards,

NOT PAUL BUT JESUS; containing an Examination of the question,—How far we are warranted by the History in considering that which Paul calls "his Gospel," as forming part and parcel of the Religion of Jesus?

SOUTH OF IRELAND.

Just published, price 2s. 6d. sewed,

HINTS to IRISH LANDLORDS, on the best Means of Obtaining and Increasing their Rents; Improving their Estates; and Bettering the Condition of the People. By a **LAND AGENT**. With an Appendix, exemplifying the Measures recommended.

Octavo, price 2s. 6d. sewed,

IRELAND. A Satire. Addressed to Irish Magistrates and Grand Jurors. The Second Edition.

"This Satire, with all its concomitants, is a phenomenon. The author is not only a young man—he was not, he tells us, sixteen at the date of the battle of Waterloo—but he is a soldier; and not only a soldier, but a soldier who is, and has been employed in Ireland—conversant, therefore, with what he writes about, and as intrepid as a thinker and writer as he can be in the field. * * * The spirit which animates him is excellent; and his poetical talents appear to more advantage here, than those of Lord Byron perhaps did in his first publication. * * * He denounces in very strong terms, the selfish, corrupt, and oppressive conduct of various influential classes in Ireland."—*Scotsman*.

Third Edition, in 8vo. price 5s. sewed,

THE DEFORMED TRANSFORMED; a Drama. By the Right Hon. Lord **BYRON**.

In a few days, in 8vo. price 2s. 6d. sewed,

ADAM AND EVE. A Margate Story.

THE ONLY TRANSLATION.

In foolscap 8vo. embellished with a Head of Voltaire and a Vignette after Stothard, Volumes 1, 2, 3, price 24s. boards, of

A PHILOSOPHICAL DICTIONARY. Translated from the French of **VOLTAIRE**. To be comprised in Six Volumes at most.

"Though we have long had an edition of part of the Works of Voltaire in 36 volumes, comprising History, Essays, Tales, his Dramatic Works and Epistles, and also his *Henriade*—the Philosophical Dictionary of that extraordinary writer has never until now made its appearance. The present version is well calculated for all who may not be acquainted with the French tongue. It contains an abundance of curious and interesting matter. Pregnant with wit and learning, applied to dispel the mass of absurdity and falsehood which the Sorbonne and the ecclesiastics of France supported for their own temporal advantage, the philosophical writings of Voltaire were not without important uses."—*New Monthly Magazine*.

"It is remarkable, that the only work of Voltaire which has not hitherto found an English Translator, is the Philosophical Dictionary. * * * It seems superfluous to descant upon a book whose merits have been so long decided. There is probably no work of equal size in any language which has been so frequently reprinted in so short a space of time. Its wit, its variety, the simplicity of its style, and its extensive and curious research, present a combination of attractions which cannot fail to procure a lasting popularity. * * * The Translation before us is executed with accuracy and spirit. To transfuse the wit of Voltaire into a foreign language is, of course, no easy task. The attempt however has been made, in the present instance, with as much success as in any preceding translation from the writings of this author, and with much greater than in most of them. The English reader will certainly feel great obligation for a present at once so instructive and amusing as this book has been made by the translators."—*Westminster Review*.

"The language in which the philosopher's sense is here conveyed, is so neat, free, and easy, as to reflect credit on the taste of the translator; who, in pouring the sense of the original out of one language into another, has not suffered the spirit to evaporate."—*Monthly Critical Gazette*.

